

## The Round-Up

### A Romance of Arizona

Novelized From Edmund Day's Melodrama

By JOHN MURRAY and MILLS MILLER

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Colonel Allen trained the girls in all the craft of the plains just as if they were boys. He taught them to ride astride, to shoot, to rope cattle. They accompanied him everywhere he went, cantering on bronchos by the side of his Kentucky thoroughbred. Merry, dark eyed, black haired Echo always rode upon the off side and saucy Polly, with golden curls, blue eyes and tip tilted nose, upon the near. The ex-Confederate soldier dubbed them in military style his "right and left wings." As the three would "make a raid" upon Florence, the county town, the inhabitants did not need to look out of doors to ascertain who were coming, for the merriment of the little girls gave sufficient indication. "Here comes Jim Allen ridin' like the destroyer angel," said young Sheriff Hoover on one of these occasions. "I know him by the rustlin' of his 'wings'."

The household was again increased a few years later by the generous response of the Allens to an appeal from a children's aid society in an eastern city to give a home to two orphaned brothers, Richard and Henry Lane. Dick and Buddy (shortened in time to Bud), as they were called, being taken young, quickly adapted themselves to their new environment and by the time they arrived at manhood had proved themselves the equals of any cowboy on the range in horsemanship and kindred accomplishments. Dick, the elder brother, was a steady, reliable fellow, modest as he was brave and remarkably quick witted and resourceful in emergencies. He gave his confidence over readily to his fellows, but if ever he found himself deceived withdrew it absolutely. It was probably this last characteristic that attracted to him Echo Allen's especial regard, for it was also her distinguishing trait. "You have got to act square with Echo," her father was wont to say, "for if you don't you'll never make it square with her afterward."

Bud was a generous hearted, impetuous boy, who responded warmly to affection. He repaid his elder brother's protecting care with a loyalty that knew no bounds. The colonel, who was a strict disciplinarian, frequently punished him in his boyhood for wayward acts, and the little fellow made no resistance—only sobbed in deep penitence. Once, however, when Uncle Jim, as the boys and Polly called him, felt compelled to apply the rod to Dick—unjustly, as it afterward appeared—Bud burst into a tempest of passionate tears and, leaping upon the colonel's back, clung there, clawing and striking like a wildcat, until Allen was forced to let Dick go. It is shrewdly indicative of the colonel's character that not only did he refrain from punishing Bud on that occasion, but when floggings were subsequently due the little fellow laid on the rod less heavily out of regard for the loyalty to his brother he had then displayed.

This attack also won the admiration of Polly Hope, who was something of a spitfire herself. A little jealous of Dick for the chief place he held in Bud's affection, she openly claimed the younger brother as her sweetheart and attempted to constitute him her knight, though with repeated discouragements, for Bud was a bashful lad and, though he had a true affection for the girl, boylike concealed it by show of rude indifference.

The tender relations of these boys and girls persisted naturally into young manhood and womanhood. No word of love passed between Dick and Echo until that time when the "nesting impulse," the desire to have a home of his own, prompted the young man to go out into the world and win his fortune. For a year he had acted as foreman of the Allen ranch, working in neighborly co-operation with Jack Payson of Sweetwater ranch, a man of about his own age. The two young men became the closest of comrades. When the fever of adventure seized upon Lane and he became dissatisfied with the plodding career of a wage earner, Payson insisted on mortgaging Sweetwater ranch for \$3,000 and in lending Dick the money for a year's prospecting in the mountains of Sonora, Mexico, in search of a fabulously rich "lost mine of the Aztecs."

Traditions of lost mines are plentiful in Arizona and northern Mexico. First taken up by the Spanish invaders of 300 years ago from the native Indians, they have passed down to each subsequent influx of white men. The directions are always vague. The inquirer cannot pin his informant down to any definite data. Over the mountains always lies the road. Hundreds of lives have been sacrificed and cruelty unparalleled practiced upon innocent men, women and children by gold seekers in their lust for conquest. Prosperous Indian villages have been laid waste, and whole bands of adventurers have gone into the desert in search of these mines, never to return.

When the time for Lane's departure came Echo wept at the thought of losing for so long a time the close companionship of her childhood and the sympathetic confidant of her youthful thoughts and aspirations. Dick, in whom friendship for Echo had long

before ripened into conscious love, too, her tears as evidence that she was similarly affected toward him, and he allowed all the suppressed passion of his nature full vent in a declaration of love. The girl was deeply moved by this revelation of the heart of a strong man made tender as a woman's by a power centering in her own humble self, and, being utterly without experience of the emotion even in its protective form of calf love, which is the varioloid of the genuine affection, she imagined through sheer sympathy that she shared his passion. So she assented with maidenly reserve to his plea that she promise to marry him when he should return and provide a home for her. Her more cautious mother secured a modification of this pledge by limiting the time that Echo should wait for him to one year. If at the expiration of that period Lane did not return to claim her promise or did not write making satisfactory arrangements for continuance of the engagement Echo was to be considered free to marry whom she chose.

Soon after Lane's departure Mrs. Allen persuaded the colonel to send Echo east to a New England finishing school for girls, where her mother hoped that her budding love for Lane might be nipped by the frigid atmosphere of intellectual culture, if not, indeed, supplanted by a saving interest in young men in general and perhaps in some particular scion of a blue blooded Boston family.

The plan succeeded in part only. The companionship of her schoolfellows, her music and art lessons, her books (during the limited periods allotted to serious study and reading) and, above all, her attrition at receptions with another order of men than that she had known in the rough, uncultured west occupied her mind so fully that poor Dick Lane, who was putting a thought of Echo Allen in every blow of his pick, received only the scraps of her attention.

Dick had few opportunities to mail a letter and none of them for receiving one. Unpracticed in writing, his epistolary compositions were crude in the extreme, being wholly confined to bald statements of fact. Had he been as tender on paper as he was in his words and accents when he kissed away her tears at parting her regard for him would have had fuel to feed on and might have kindled into genuine love. As it was, she was forced to admit that in comparison with the brilliant university men with whom she conversed Dick Lane intellectually was as quartz to diamond.

On the other hand, she contrasted Dick in the essential point of manliness most favorably with the male butterflies of society that hovered around her. What one of them was so essentially chivalrous as the western man—so modest, so self sacrificing, so brave and resolute and resourceful? Dick Lane, or Jack Payson, for that matter, in all save the adventitious points of education and culture was the higher type of manhood, and Jack, at least, if not poor Dick, could hold his own in mental and artistic perception with the brightest, most cultured of Harvard graduates.

At the end of the year she came back home to await Dick's return from the wilds of Mexico. There was great anxiety about his safety, for Geronimo, attacked by Crook in the Apache stronghold of the Tonto basin, had escaped to the mountains of northwestern Mexico with his band of fierce Chiricahuas.

Now, Dick Lane had not been heard from in this region. When he neither made appearance nor sent a message upon the day appointed for his return his brother, Bud, was for setting out instantly to find him and rescue him if he were in difficulties.

Then it was that Echo Allen discovered the true nature of her affection for her lover—that it was sisterly regard, differing only in degree, but not in kind, from that which she felt for his brother. She joined with Polly in opposing Bud's going, urging his recklessness as a reason. "You are certain to be killed," she said, "and I cannot lose you both." Jack Payson, for whom Bud was working, then came forward and offered to accompany him and keep within bounds. Again there was a revelation of her heart to Echo, one that terrified her with a sense of disloyalty. It was Jack she really loved, noble, chivalric, wonderful Jack Payson, whom, with a southern girl's intensity of feeling, she had unconsciously come to regard as her standard of all that makes for manhood. Plausible objections could not be urged against his sacrificing himself for his friend. With an irresistible impulse she cast herself upon his breast and said, "I cannot bear to see you go."

Payson gently disengaged her arms. "I must, Echo. It is what Dick would do for me if I were in his place."

However, while Payson and Bud were preparing for their departure Buck McKee appeared in the region and reported that Dick Lane had been killed by the Apaches. He told with convincing details how he had met Lane as each was returning from a successful prospecting trip in the Ghost range and how they had sunk their differences in standing together against an attack of the Indians. He extolled Dick's bravery, relating how, severely wounded, he had stood off the savages to enable himself to escape.

When he handed over Dick's watch to Echo—for he had learned on his return that she was betrothed to Lane—as a last token from her lover, no doubt remained in the minds of his hearers of the truth of his story, and Payson and Bud Lane gave up their purposed expedition.

(To be Continued.)

## THE EDUCATION OF THE BOY

With These Precepts Instilled in It  
Very Certain He Will Not Go  
Far Wrong.

Teach your boy to be true to his word and work; to face all difficulties with courage and cheerfulness; to form no friendships that can bring him into degrading associations; to respect other people's convictions; to reverence womanhood; to live a clean life in thought and word as well as in deed; that true manliness always commands success; that the best things in life are not those that can be bought with money; that to command he must first learn to obey; that there can be no compromise between honesty and dishonesty; that the virtues of punctuality and politeness are excellent things to cultivate.—Exchange.

## BEDSTEADS WORTH FORTUNES.

A well-known French actress is the happy possessor of a bed valued at \$5,000. It is, of course, very ancient, but in an excellent state of preservation, and its adornments carry out to the full all the lavish beauty of the bed itself. Draped at the back from a ring in the ceiling are beautiful curtains of antique brocade, plumes of ostrich feathers looping them up at the corners. The bedspread is of richest satin, veiled with valuable lace in exquisite design. The fashionable and rich of Paris are now on a level with the trans-Atlantic art-lovers in their search for the antique and beautiful, whatever its price, and if it possesses authentic historic interest all the better for the salesman, as the bidding for its possession is very keen. Several old English country houses own antique beds which are the envy of the connoisseur.

## LANDIS MERELY NERVOUS.

When Judge Landis of Standard Oil fame was starting his legal career he was a nervous young man. He had not been practicing long when he unexpectedly found himself called on to conduct an important case. The young lawyer showed his nervousness so plainly when he rose to address the court that the presiding judge said kindly: "Do not be afraid, Mr. Landis." The embryo advocate replied promptly: "Your honor, I stand in awe, but fear not."

## HAY ON AN AUTO TRUCK.

Probably there is no street sight that sets more folks to noticing than an auto loaded with bales of hay. Up around the stable section in the East Twenties this is not uncommon, and very often the automobile laden with hay is seen in Columbus Circle.

The contrast is marked and almost always leads some one to say something about the passing of the horse as exemplified by the fact that even his provender doesn't come to him any more horse-drawn.—New York Sun.

## HIS COSTLY HEADGEAR.

"I was surprised to hear that old man Coopons told Jimmie Faulkner that he wouldn't let him marry his daughter under any circumstances. What was the trouble?" "I understand the old man noticed that Jimmie was wearing a green hat."

"Will Jimmy give up the hat?" "Not Jimmy. He's too proud of it. He says it cost him \$200,000—that's the amount, you know, that old Coopons will give his daughter when she marries."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## MEAN TO KEEP UP QUALITY.

French walnut growers in the neighborhood of Grenoble have formed an association to maintain the reputation and guarantee the quality of the walnuts commonly known as "Grenobles."

## THEIR USE.

Said He—What good are rich relations, anyway?

Said She—Oh, they are all right when you want something to point to without pride.

## ANOTHER TRUST PLANNED.

Growers of the cocoa bean in South and Central America are planning a trust to control the price of cocoa.

## DEFINED.

"Tommy, what is a nuisance?" "Please, ma'am, it's something belongs to somebody else."

## People's State Bank

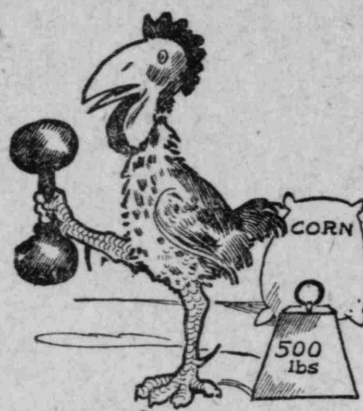
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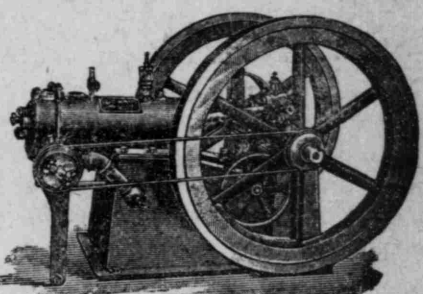
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A Family Fanning.  
The star pupil arose at the school entertainment to declaim his piece. "Lend me your ears!" he bawled. "Ha," sneered the mother of the opposition, but defeated pupil, "that's Sarah Jane Doran's boy. He wouldn't be his mother's son if he didn't want to borrow something."—Tilt-Bits.

Cause for Anger.  
Because a neighbor lured away his excellent cook a Jersey man is building a spite fence between his house and that of his fortunate rival. Probably he doesn't want to see how happy the other fellow is.

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